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MYSTERIES

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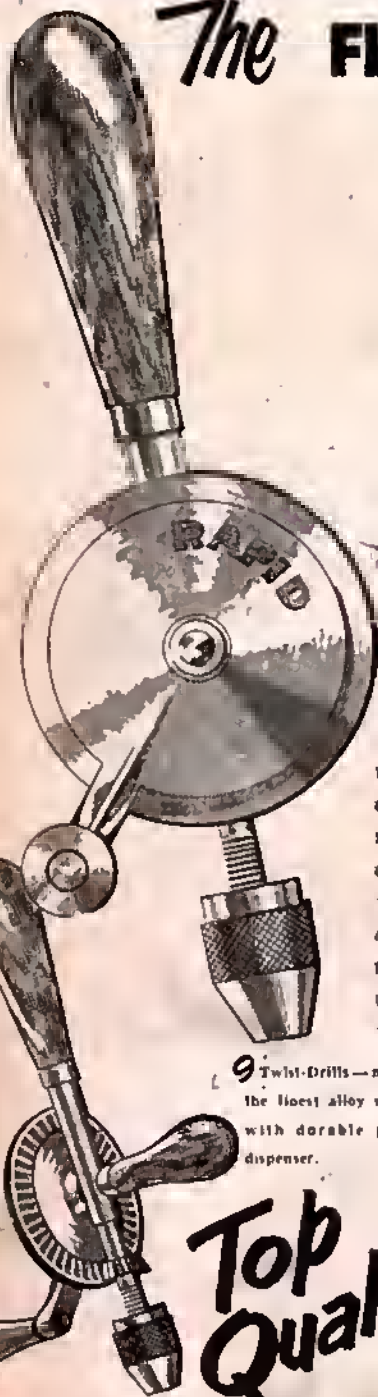
MAY 1954
NO. 7

DEMON in DISGUISE
BLOOD OATH
ONE WAS HUMAN!
THE SEA GOBLINS

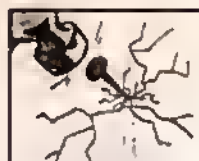


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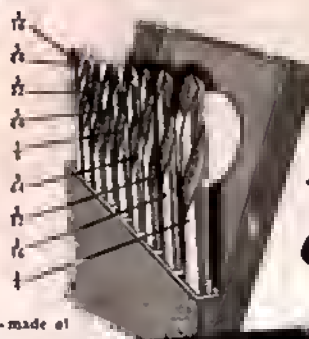
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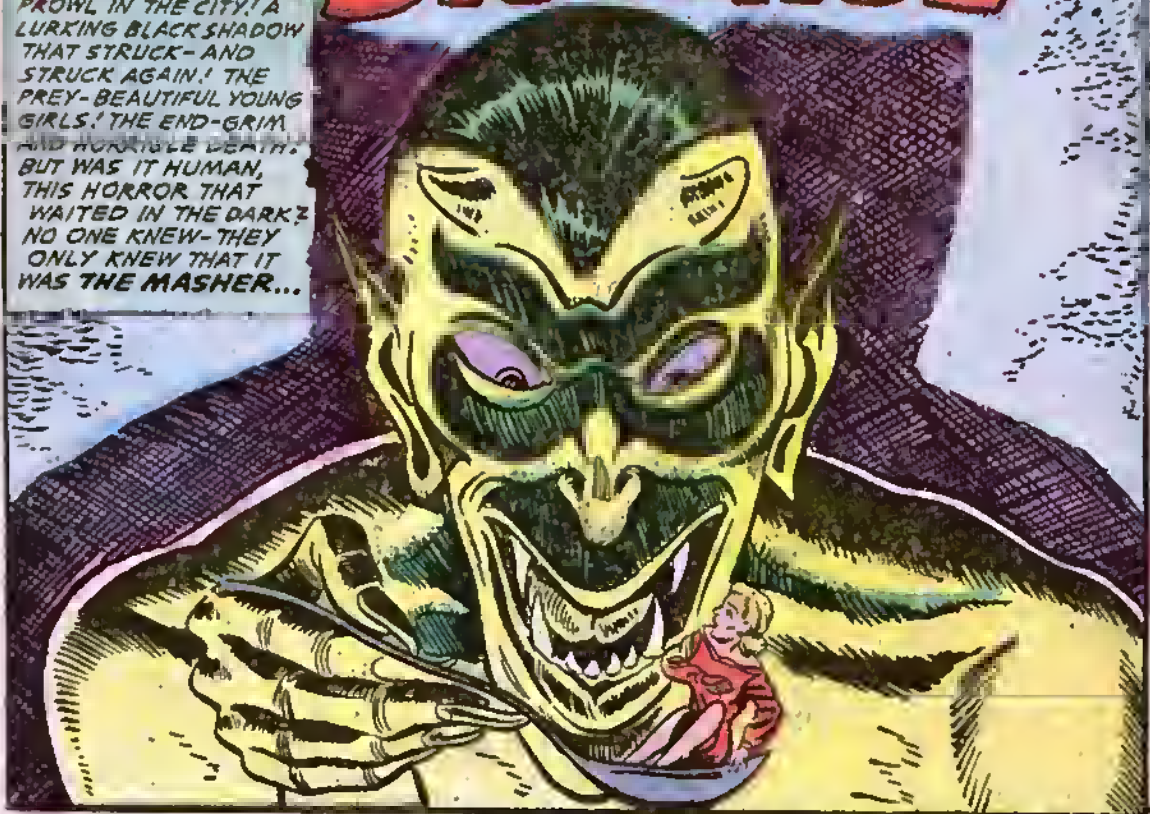
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

JOLOLA SALES LTD., Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
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DEMON in DISGUISE

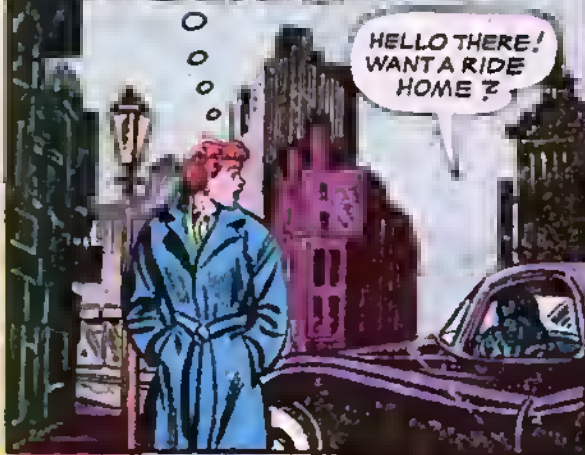
TERROR WAS ON THE PROWL IN THE CITY! A LURKING BLACK SHADOW THAT STRUCK—AND STRUCK AGAIN! THE PREY—BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS! THE END—GRIM AND HORRIBLE DEATH. BUT WAS IT HUMAN, THIS HORROR THAT WAITED IN THE DARK? NO ONE KNEW—THEY ONLY KNEW THAT IT WAS THE MASHER...



A GIRL WALKS DOWN A LONELY STREET...

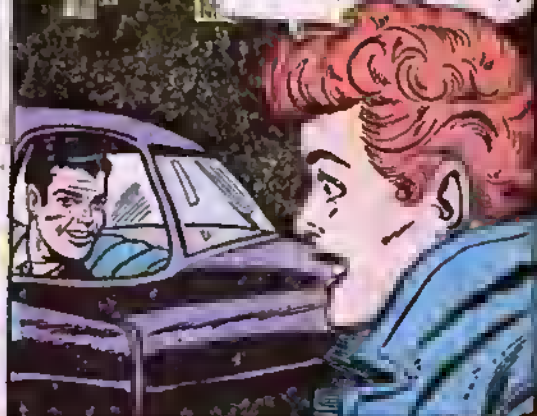
OH, SOMEBODY FOLLOWING ME IN A CAR! I-I'M AFRAID! SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING!

HELLO THERE! WANT A RIDE HOME?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, KATE! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? TEO STRONG!

OH, TEO! OF COURSE! I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU MIGHT BE THAT TERRIBLE MASHER!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER...

TEO! THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO MY PLACE! YOU SHOULD HAVE TURNED LEFT!

DON'T WORRY! THIS IS JUST A LITTLE LONGER! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



THE CAR LURCHES INTO A DARK ALLEY...

HOW WE CAN HAVE OUR LITTLE TALK!

I-I DON'T WANT TO TALK! I WANT TO GO HOME!



THEN BEFORE THE STARING EYES OF THE TERROR STRICKEN GIRL...

Y-YOUR FACE! YOU'RE NOT TED! YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! EEEEEEE!

RIGHT! SO RIGHT! HEE-HEE-HEE!

ARRRRRR!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER AND ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE MASHER LIES BLOODY DEAD IN THE ALLEY...

HO-HO-HO! THIS WILL GIVE THE POLICE SOMETHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT! WHEN I SEND MY USUAL GREETINGS!



NEXT MORNING AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THE MASHER AGAIN CHIEF?

WHO ELSE SENDS US THE CLOTHES OF HIS VICTIMS?

THE RAT!



THESE WILL BELONG TO THAT POOR GIRL THEY BROUGHT IN TO THE MORGUE! KATE BROWN!

THIS MAKES SEVEN GIRLS THAT MONSTER HAS MURDERED! AND WERE HELPLESS AS BABES!



AS USUAL THE POLICE FIND NO CLUES TO THE IDENTITY OF THE MASHER! AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE SORDID LITTLE DRAMA IS REENACTED...

WHY, HAROLD! HOW NICE OF YOU TO MEET ME! I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGOTTEN ME!

HELLO, TONY! LET'S GO FOR "A LITTLE RIDE!"

NOT LONG AFTERWARD IN A LONELY OLD BOATHOUSE, AS A GRINNING SKULL OF A MOON LOOKS DOWN...

Y-YOU'RE NOT HAROLO! DON'T-AHHHHHHH! EEEEEEE!

HEE-HEE-HEE-HO-HO-HO!

AND AS USUAL...

NUMBER EIGHT! BLAST THAT KILLER'S BLACK SOUL! BUT I'LL GET HIM YET-SOME WAY-SOMEHOW!

SO ANOTHER PLAN IS MADE...

WE'VE TRIED USING A POLICE WOMAN AS A DECOY BEFORE, I KNOW, BUT NOW WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN!

YES, SIR!

WE WANT TO CATCH THAT FIEND CHIEF!

OKAY PAT! AND JOE! YOU'RE ON THE CASE NOW! MAKE YOUR OWN PLANS-BUT GET ME THE MASHER!

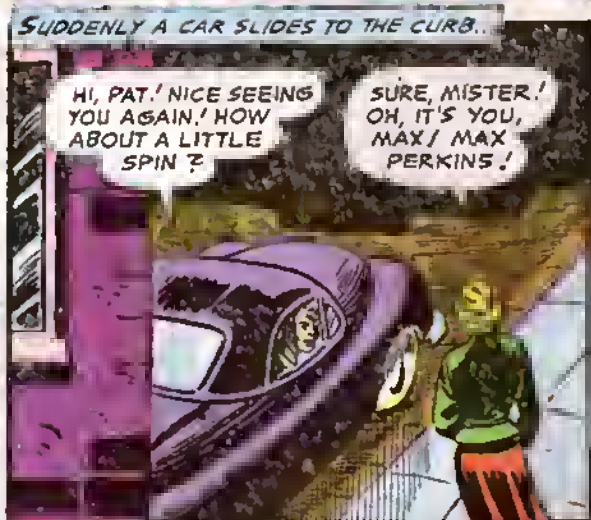
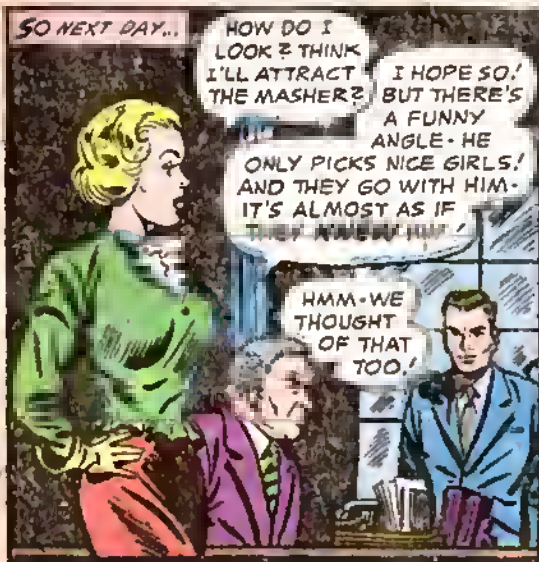
LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO US, PAT! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO THAT HASN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE!

THERE **MUST** BE SOME WAY TO TRAP THAT KILLER! THERE **MUST**! SOME KIND OF GIMMICK!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE NEED A NEW APPROACH! BUT UNTIL WE GET ONE WE'D BETTER BAIT THE USUAL 'TRAP'!

HERE I GO AGAIN! DRESSING LIKE A FLOOSIE AND WALKING OAK STREETS!





MYSTERIES

A MOMENT LATER, AS JOE COMES PANTING OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

WHAT GIVES, PAT? WHO WAS THAT CHARACTER? WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLD HIM UNTIL I GOT HERE?

JUST AN OLD FRIEND, JOE! HE WENT AWAY MAD!



WELL, HE COULD BE THE MASHER, YOU KNOW! BUT LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR NOW!

OKAY! I'M DEAD! I WANT TO GO HOME AND REST MY FEET!



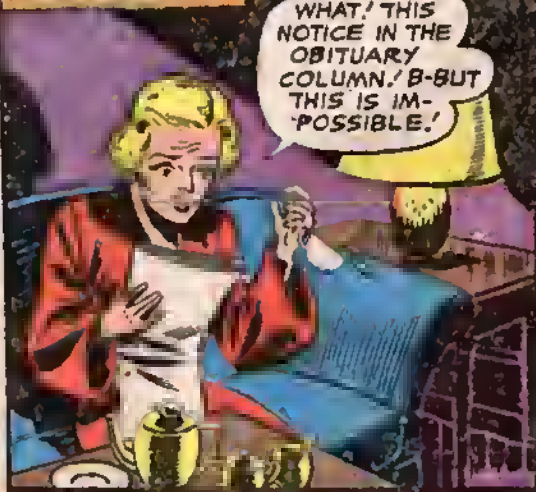
LATER IN HER APARTMENT...

OH, IT'S GOOD TO RELAX! NOW FOR A NICE CUP OF TEA AND THE EVENING PAPER!



THEN- THE SHOCK...

WHAT! THIS NOTICE IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN! B-BUT THIS IS IM-POSSIBLE!



THE PHONE JANGLES IN JOE'S APARTMENT...

JOE! LISTEN TO THIS! THE MOST AMAZING AND IMPOSSIBLE THING...

FOR PETE'S SAKE, PAT, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME - HUH? WHO WAS BURIED THIS MORNING? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KID?

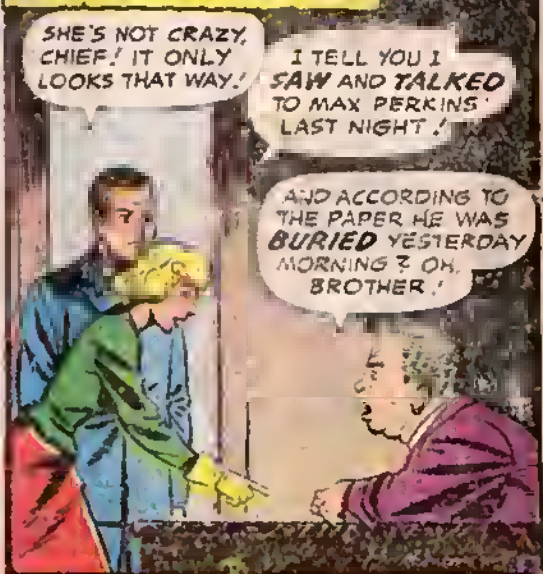


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

SHE'S NOT CRAZY, CHIEF! IT ONLY LOOKS THAT WAY!

I TELL YOU I SAW AND TALKED TO MAX PERKINS LAST NIGHT!

AND ACCORDING TO THE PAPER HE WAS BURIED YESTERDAY MORNING? OH, BROTHER!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS HAS TO DO WITH THE MASHER, BUT AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING WE CAN CHECK! AND WE WILL—NOW!

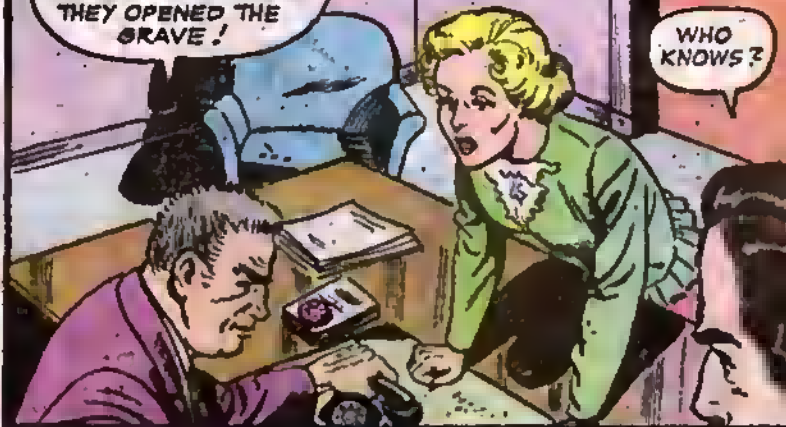


AN HOUR OR SO LATER...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD, AND HE WAS BURIED! AND HE'S STILL THERE—THEY OPENED THE GRAVE!

SO WHO DID I SEE LAST NIGHT? WAS A GHOST DRIVING THAT CAR?

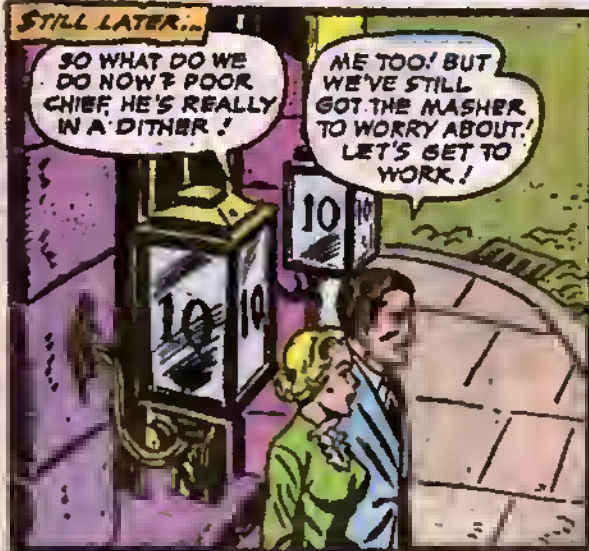
WHO KNOWS?



STILL LATER...

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW? POOR CHIEF HE'S REALLY IN A DITHER!

ME TOO! BUT WE'VE STILL GOT THE MASHER TO WORRY ABOUT! LET'S GET TO WORK!



I AM GOING TO WORK! AND I JUST GOT A HUNCH! SEE YOU LATER, JOE!

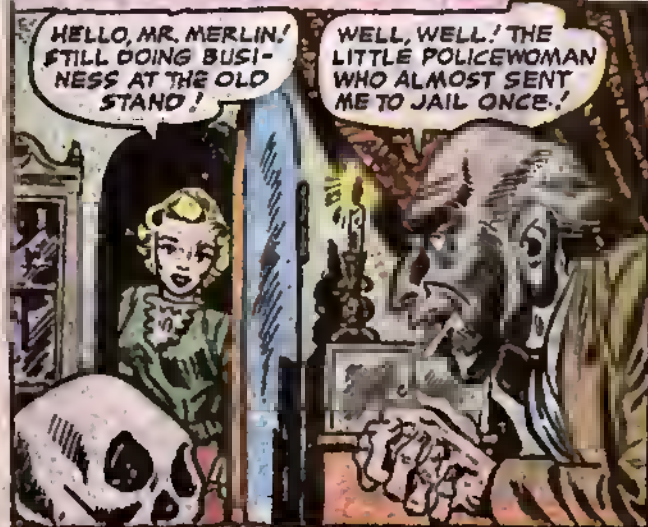
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



PAT GOES TO A SHABBY LITTLE STUDIO...

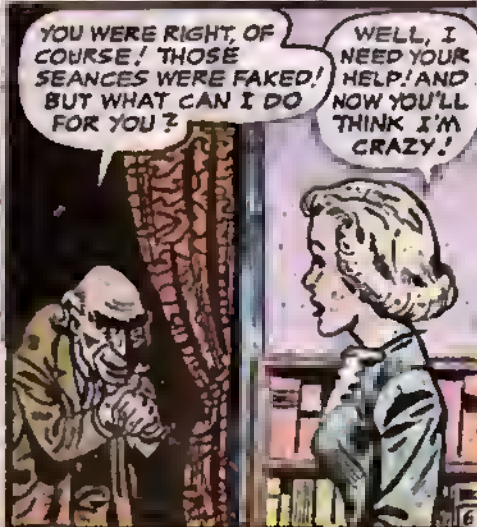
HELLO, MR. MERLIN! STILL DOING BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND!

WELL, WELL! THE LITTLE POLICEMAN WHO ALMOST SENT ME TO JAIL ONCE!



YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE! THOSE SEANCES WERE FAKED! BUT WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WELL, I NEED YOUR HELP! AND NOW YOU'LL THINK I'M CRAZY!



AFTER PAT EXPLAINS THE PURPOSE OF HER VISIT...

YOU SAY THE FORM, THE IMAGE, OF A DEAD MAN CAN WALK THE STREETS, DRIVE A CAR?

SOMETIMES! BUT I THINK YOU ARE DEALING WITH WORSE THAN THAT! HERE-READ THIS!



THERE ARE DEMONS THAT CAN CHANGE THEIR FORM AT WILL! SOMETIMES THEY TAKE THE SHAPE OF THE DEAD!

DEMONS? REALLY NOW! BUT AT LEAST I'LL READ IT!



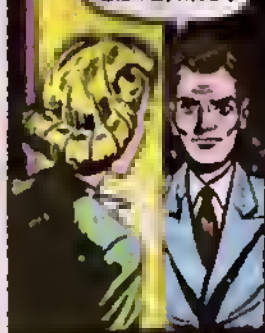
ALONE, THE LITTLE MAN GOES INTO A FRENZY OF WEIRD LAUGHTER...

HA-HA-HA! SO SHE'LL READ IT, WILL SHE! HO-HO-HO-HEE-HEE! I WISH HER LUCK-ALL BAD!



MUCH LATER...

HELLO, JOE! I'M GLAD YOU CAME SO QUICKLY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IF IT'S ABOUT THE MASHER-I'M LISTENING!



BUT WHEN HE HEARS IT ALL...

OH, NO! NOT A WHACKY DEAL LIKE THIS! DEMONS, SHE SAYS!

OKAY, SO IT'S CRAZY! BUT WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE! AND THE MASHER COULD BE A SUPERNATURAL BEING!



FINALLY...

ALL RIGHT! WHY NOT TRY IT! AS YOU SAY, WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE! WHAT CAN WE LOSE? SO HOW DO WE START?



PAT EXPLAINS AND AN OLD DESERTED MILL IS CHOSEN FOR THE EXPERIMENT...

UGH-THIS IS SURE LONELY ENOUGH! NOT A HOUSE FOR MILES!

JUST WHAT WE NEED! NOW IF WE CAN GET THE DEMON TO APPEAR-- IF THERE IS A DEMON!



INSIDE THE MILL THE PREPARATIONS ARE QUICKLY MADE...

THESE BLACK CANDLES MUST BE SPACED JUST SO! THIS EXPERIMENT CAN BE DANGEROUS!

BAH! YOU'LL HAVE ME BELIEVING IN THIS MONKEY BUSINESS NEXT! BUT LET'S GET ON WITH IT!



ACCORDING TO THE BOOK WE PUT THE PENTAGON ON THE FLOOR LIKE THIS—WITH RED PAINT!

THEN WE MUST STAND INSIDE IT AND WE'LL BE SAFE!



PAT TOSSES A POWDERED HERB INTO THE SILVER SALVER WHICH HAS BEEN PREPARED! THERE IS A PUFF OF SMOKE AND AN EERIE FLAME LIGHTS THE GLOOM...

THERE! NOW GET INTO THE DIAGRAM—QUICKLY! THE DEMON SHOULD APPEAR SOON!

IF ANY!



WELL, WHERE IS THIS DEMON! WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING THE BOOK SAYS!

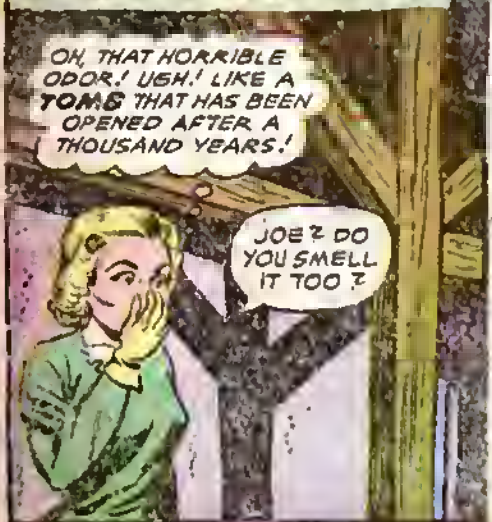
WAIT! KEEP STILL! OH, I FEEL SO ODD!



PAT FEELS HORROR GROW IN HER...

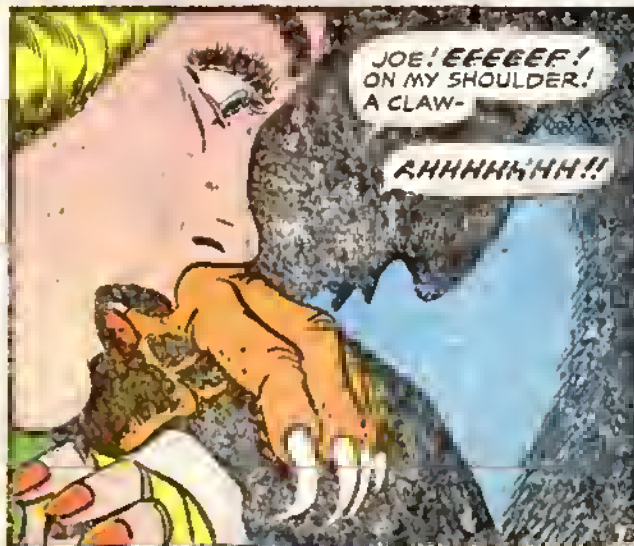
OH, THAT HORRIBLE ODOR! UGH! LIKE A TOMB THAT HAS BEEN OPENED AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS!

JOE? DO YOU SMELL IT TOO?



JOE! EEEEF! ON MY SHOULDER! A CLAW—

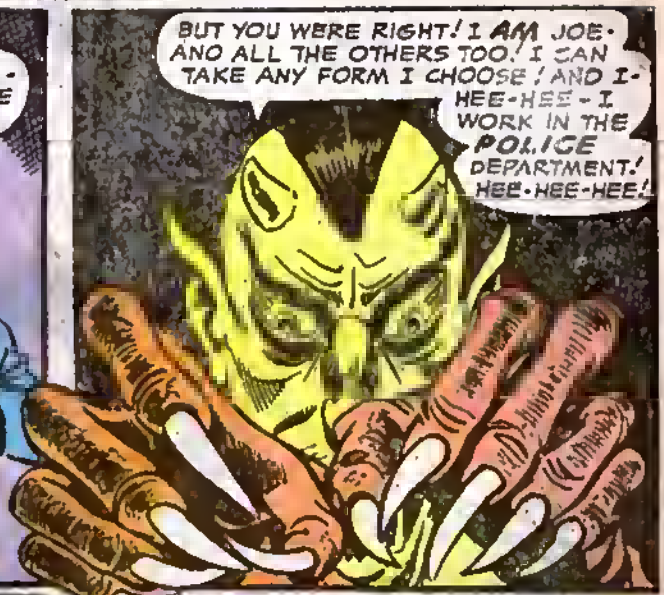
RRRRRRRR!!



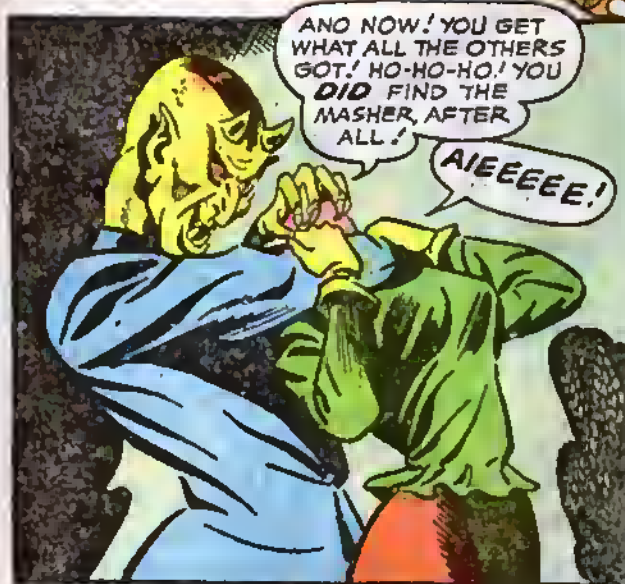


J-JOE! Y-YOU! **YOU'RE**
THE DEMON! IT WAS YOU
ALL THE TIME!
EEEEEEEE!

HA-HA-HA-
YOU LITTLE
FOOL!



BUT YOU WERE RIGHT! I **AM** JOE-
AND ALL THE OTHERS TOO! I CAN
TAKE ANY FORM I CHOOSE! AND I-
HEE-HEE-I
WORK IN THE
POLICE
DEPARTMENT!
HEE-HEE-HEE!



AND NOW! YOU GET
WHAT ALL THE OTHERS
GOT! HO-HO-HO! YOU
DID FIND THE
MASHER, AFTER
ALL!

AIEEEEE!

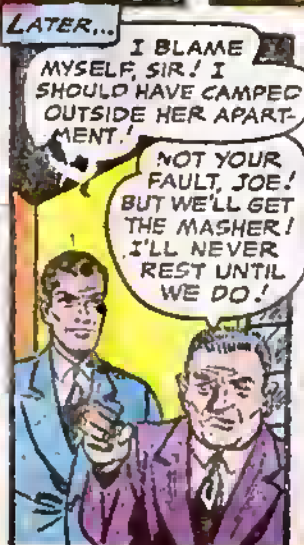


NEXT MORNING...

OH, NO! NOT AGAIN! NOT
ANOTHER POOR GIRL
MURDERED! HEY!
WAIT A MINUTE!
THESE CLOTHES...



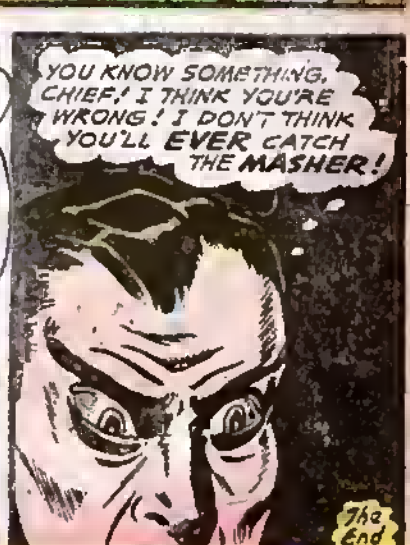
PAT'S BADGE PINNED
TO THE CLOTHES! MY
HEAVENS! THE MASHER
GOT PAT!



LATER...

I BLAME
MYSELF, SIR! I
SHOULD HAVE CAMPED
OUTSIDE HER APART-
MENT!

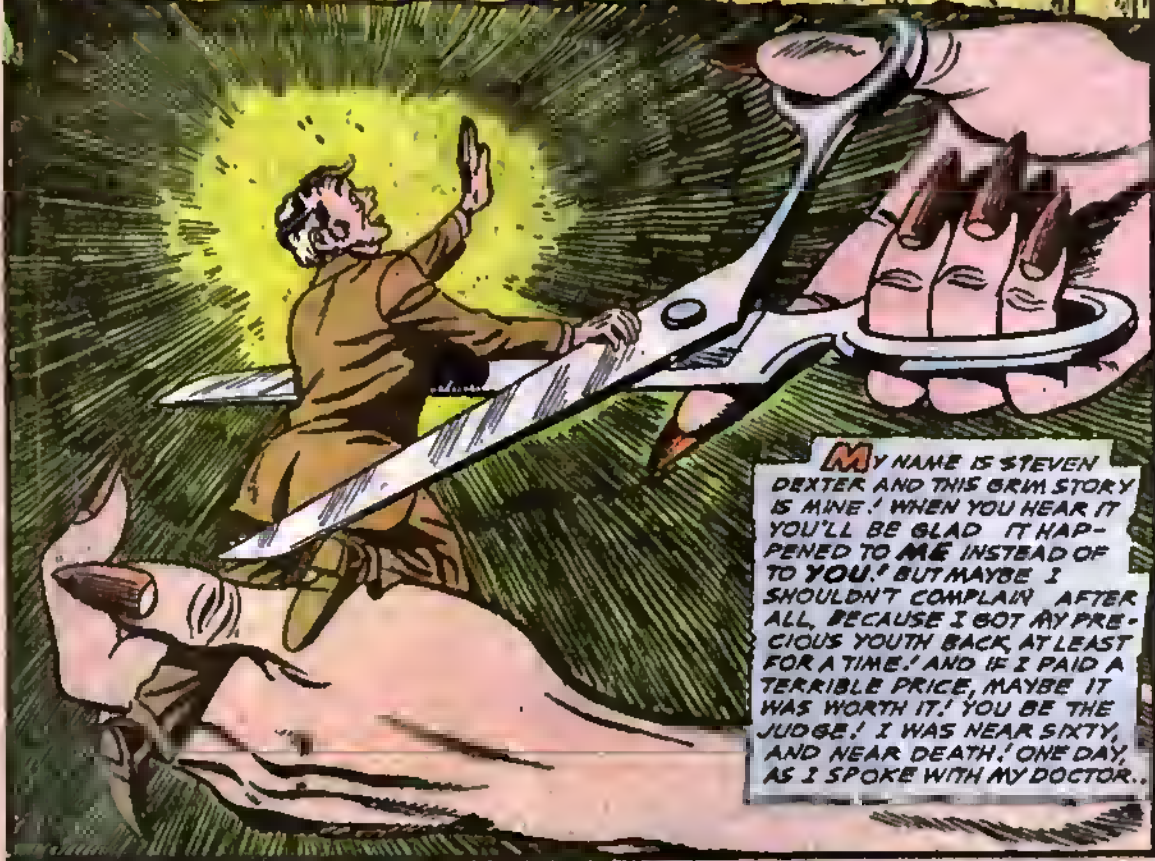
NOT YOUR
FAULT, JOE!
BUT WE'LL GET
THE MASHER!
I'LL NEVER
REST UNTIL
WE DO!



YOU KNOW SOMETHING,
CHIEF! I THINK YOU'RE
WRONG! I DON'T THINK
YOU'LL EVER CATCH
THE MASHER!

The
End

ONE *was* HUMAN



MY NAME IS STEVEN DEXTER AND THIS GRIM STORY IS MINE! WHEN YOU HEAR IT YOU'LL BE GLAD IT HAPPENED TO ME INSTEAD OF TO YOU! BUT MAYBE I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN AFTER ALL, BECAUSE I GOT MY PRECIOUS YOUTH BACK, AT LEAST FOR A TIME! AND IF I PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE, MAYBE IT WAS WORTH IT! YOU BE THE JUDGE! I WAS NEAR SIXTY, AND NEAR DEATH! ONE DAY, AS I SPOKE WITH MY DOCTOR...

I'VE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH, STEVEN! AS AN OLD FRIEND I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU! I NEVER HAVE! YOU HAVE AN EXCEEDINGLY BAD HEART, AN ANEURISM THAT MAY BURST AT ANY MINUTE! WITH ABSOLUTE REST AND QUIET YOU MAY LAST SIX MONTHS!

I SEE! WELL, I'LL GO TO SCOTLAND! I'VE BEEN LEFT SOME PROPERTY THERE!

TWO WEEKS LATER I WAS IN SCOTLAND, NEAR WHERE I HAD GROWN UP AS A CHILD...

HERE YOU ARE, MR. DEXTER!

NOBODY HAS BEEN INSIDE SINCE YOUR OLD AUNT DIED!

DEAR OLD KATHIE! NICE OF HER TO LEAVE ME THE COTTAGE!



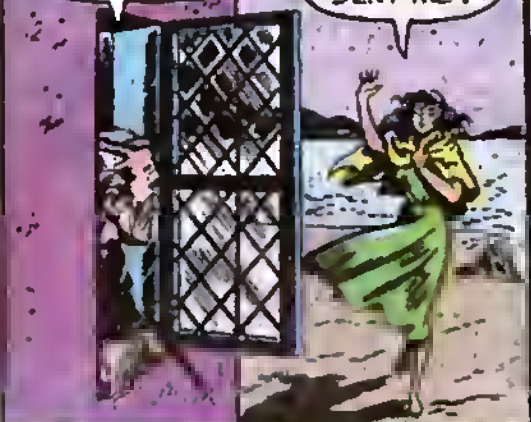
I LIVED VERY QUIETLY! A FEW DAYS LATER...

HELLO THERE, YOUNG LADY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MR. OEXTER! I'M JODY TAYLOR! MR. AMBROSE SENT ME!

THE REAL ESTATE MAN? YES, HE DID SAY HE WOULD SEND A WOMAN TO CLEAN AND COOK FOR ME, BUT YOU! I EXPECTED SOMEONE...

SOMEONE OLD AND UGLY? BUT I CAN WORK HARD, REALLY!



JODY WAS AN EXCELLENT WORKER! AND VERY LOVELY, TOO! BUT FROM THE BEGINNING THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HER...

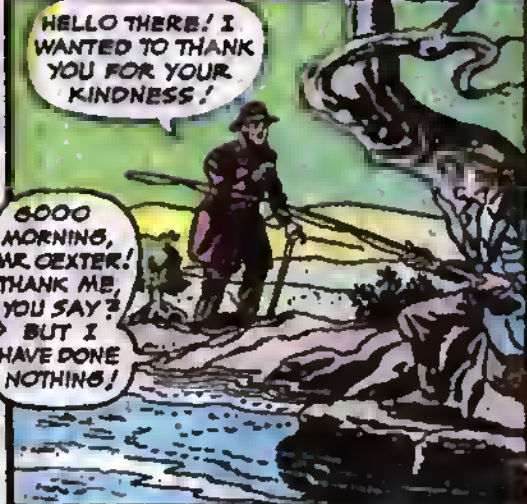
ODD! VERY ODD! WHY SHOULD A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL WANT TO WORK FOR AN OLD GAFFER LIKE ME? IT ISN'T NATURAL!



I HAD TO TAKE SOME EXERCISE, SO ONE DAY I WENT FOR A STROLL AND MET THE REAL ESTATE AGENT, MR. AMBROSE...

HELLO THERE! I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS!

GOOD MORNING, MR. OEXTER! THANK ME, YOU SAY? BUT I HAVE DONE NOTHING!

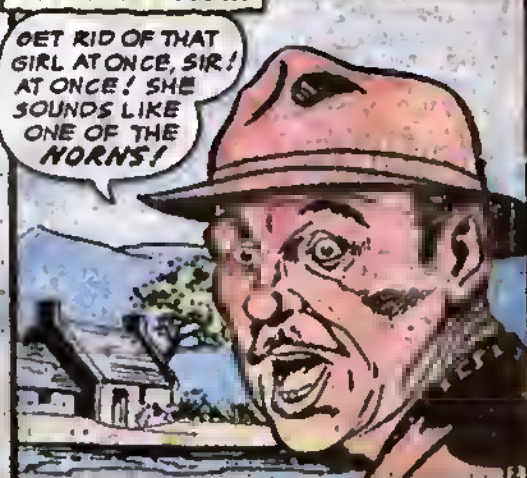
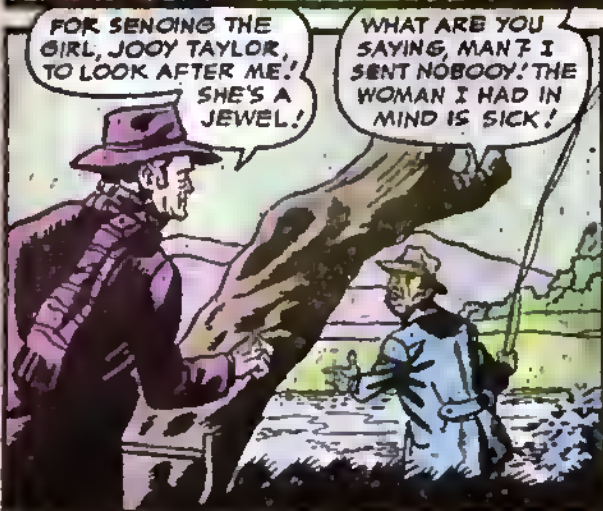


FOR SENDING THE GIRL, JODY TAYLOR, TO LOOK AFTER ME! SHE'S A JEWEL!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MAN? I SENT NOBODY! THE WOMAN I HAD IN MIND IS SICK!

AFTER I EXPLAINED, I SAW A LOOK OF FEAR IN HIS EYES...

GET RID OF THAT GIRL AT ONCE, SIR! AT ONCE! SHE SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE HORNS!



I HAD HEARD OF THE HORNS, OF COURSE, THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS WHO CONTROL THE DESTINIES OF ALL MORTALS! BUT WHEN I RETURNED TO THE COTTAGE I SAID NOTHING...

HAVE A NICE STROLL, MR. DEXTER?

WHAT? OH, ER, YES! EXCELLENT! I SAW MR. AMBROSE!

I WENT IMMEDIATELY TO MY STUDY AND TOOK DOWN A BOOK ON MYTHOLOGY...

THE HORNS! THREE SISTERS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO SPIN, WEAVE, AND CUT THE THREAD OF LIFE! THEY CAN ASSUME ANY FORM THEY WISH, AT WILL! THOUGH SUPPOSED TO DWELL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORWAY, THEY HAVE ALSO BEEN SEEN IN SCOTLAND -- IN SCOTLAND!

THE HORNS IN NORSE MYTHOLOGY

JODY WAS BEING VERY QUIET! THEN SUDDENLY I FELT EYES ON ME! I LOOKED UP--AND SAW A HUGE DOG...

WELL! HELLO, FELLOW! WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU COME FROM?

I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING A DOG AROUND HERE!

ARF! ARF!

YOU'RE A REAL BEAUTY, AREN'T YOU! I WISH YOU COULD TALK, THOUGH, AND TELL ME WHO YOU BELONG TO!

THE EYES! STRANGE, LUMINOUS! ALMOST HUMAN!

SUDDENLY I KNEW THE TERRIBLE TRUTH...

THOSE EYES! NOT THE EYES OF A DOG AT ALL! THOSE ARE THE EYES OF JODY TAYLOR!

I WAS RIGHT! EVEN AS I WATCHED, FASCINATED AND AFRAID...

DO NOT BE AFRAID!

JODY! IT WAS YOU! YOU WERE THAT DOG!

AS I FELL INTO A DEEP FAINT I FELT HER KISSING ME, HEARD HER WHISPERING...

IT IS TIME! I SAW YOU READING THAT BOOK! YOU SUSPECT! YOU KNOW! SO NOW I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS LIKE A DARK DREAM! I WAS WITH JODY WALKING TOWARD A GHOSTLY CASTLE THAT LOOMED ON A GRIM HORIZON...

BUT WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? HOW DID WE GET HERE?

COME! DO NOT BE AFRAID! YOU WILL UNDERSTAND IN TIME!

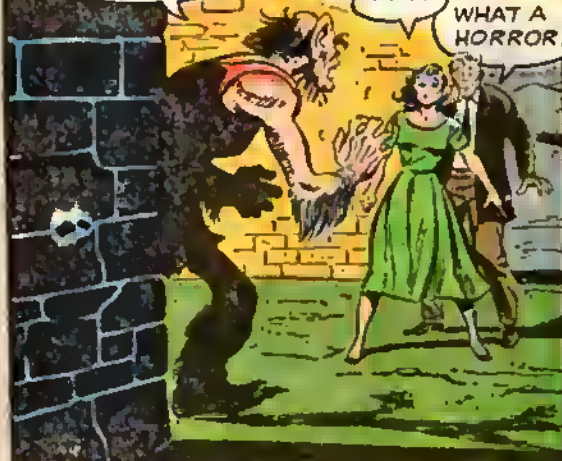


I SAW IT THEN! LIKE ALL THE DEMONS OF ALL TIME IT CAME SHUFFLING TOWARD US...

AAAH!!! I KILL!

DO NOT FEAR! I WILL PROTECT YOU!

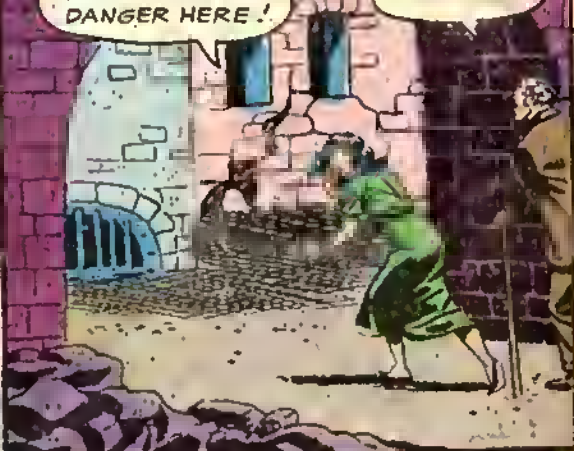
WHAT A HORROR!



AS WE REACHED THE CASTLE...

QUIETLY, NOW! KEEP BACK! THERE IS DANGER HERE!

O-DANGER?



SHE CHANGED INTO A GREAT SERPENT AND WRIGGLED TOWARD THE MONSTER...

GRRRRRR!

WHATEVER YOU DO, STAY CLEAR! HE WANTS TO KILL YOU, REMEMBER, NOT ME!

Y-YES! I UNDERSTAND!



THE CREATURE HURLED A GREAT STONE AT ME! EVEN THEN I FOUND TIME TO WONDER WHY IT HATED ME SO MUCH...

OWWRR! I SLAY YOU!

THEN SHE HAD HIM IN HER COILS! AROUND AND AROUND HIS BODY, SQUEEZING, ALWAYS SQUEEZING...

FOOL! WHY STRUGGLE! YOU KNOW IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!

GAAAAAAA!



THE BRUTE THING NEVER HAD A CHANCE...

I WILL BE WITH YOU SOON!
JUST LET ME FINISH
CRUSHING THE RIBS
OF THIS CARRION!

YES, JODY!
OF COURSE!



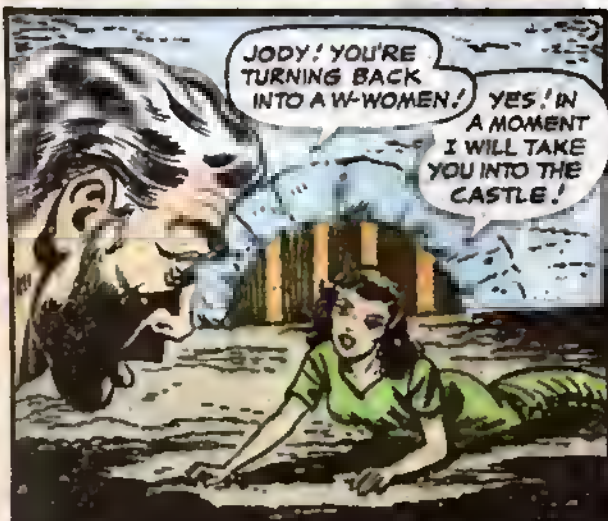
AS I LOOKED AT THE CRUSHED BODY OF THE
THING - WHAT HAD IT BEEN - I HAD A STRANGE
FEELING OF PREMONITION. THIS, I THOUGHT,
COULD HAPPEN TO ME...

COME NOW! DO NOT
WASTE TIME! I WILL
DISPOSE OF THAT
LATER!



JODY! YOU'RE
TURNING BACK
INTO A W-WOMEN!

YES! IN
A MOMENT
I WILL TAKE
YOU INTO THE
CASTLE!



NOW YOU SHALL SEE
STRANGE THINGS, MY
FRIEND! I WILL MAKE
YOU HAPPIER THAN
YOU BELIEVED
POSSIBLE!

MAKE ME
HAPPY?
HOW?

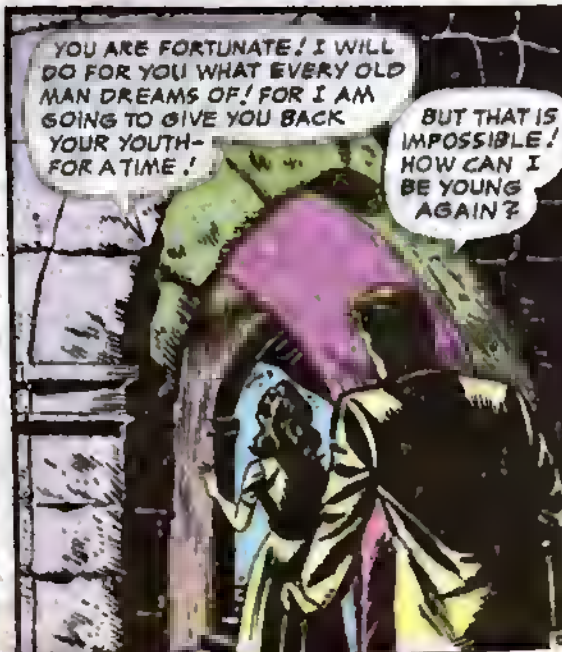


YOU WILL SEE! BUT FIRST WE
MUST GO FAR DOWN INTO THE
DUNGEONS OF THE CASTLE!
THERE IS A SECRET CHAMBER
THERE IN WHICH
MARVELOUS
THINGS HAPPEN!



YOU ARE FORTUNATE! I WILL
DO FOR YOU WHAT EVERY OLD
MAN DREAMS OF! FOR I AM
GOING TO GIVE YOU BACK
YOUR YOUTH-
FOR A TIME!

BUT THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW CAN I
BE YOUNG
AGAIN?



WE WENT DOWN STAIR AFTER WINDING STAIR!
THROUGH DUNGEONS THAT WERE AS COLD AS
DEATH ITSELF...

HOW MUCH FARTHER,
JODY?

NOT FAR NOW!
THEN YOU WILL
SEE A MIRACLE!

HERE! HERE WE ENTER THE
CHAMBER OF THE NORNS! AT
LAST YOU WILL BE
REWARDED FOR
BEING SO PATIENT!

BUT NOW
I-I'M AFRAID!

I WAS AFRAID! A TERRIBLE
CHILLING FEAR WAS ON ME...

AND SO I OBEYED THE LOVELY
JODY! I LAY ON A COUCH BUT
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, AND THEN...

I'M NOT SURE THAT
I WANT TO BE YOUNG
AGAIN, JODY! I JUST
WANT TO DIE
IN PEACE!

IT'S TRUE! I'M
YOUNG AGAIN! I'VE
SHED MY OLD BODY!

DID I
NOT SPEAK
TRUTH?

YES! I WAS A FOOL TO
DOUBT! UGH-NOW OLD
AND WRINKLED I WAS!
BUT NOW I'M YOUNG
AND STRONG, AND I
HAVE YOU, JODY!

YES MY
DARLING,
YOU HAVE
ME!

DON'T BE
A FOOL!
COME!
HURRY!

THEN I REMEMBERED SOMETHING ELSE
I HAD READ ABOUT THE NORNS...

WAIT! YOU ARE A NORN!
AND SO YOU ARE
ETERNALLY YOUNG!
BUT ME! WILL I...
AGE AGAIN?

YOU WILL SEE
IN TIME! BUT
COME AND KISS
ME NOW!

I WAS LOST! FOR NOT ONLY
DID I AGE, BUT I ALSO
CHANGED! YOU SEE! AND
NOW I AM THE MONSTER,
AND I WAIT FOR HER TO
RETURN WITH ANOTHER
VICTIM! I WILL TRY TO
KILL HIM THEN-BUT I
KNOW WHAT THE END WILL
BE! I...
KNOW- I
KNOW...

DEATH IN POSSESSION

By John Martin

THE POLICE car screamed 'round a corner in the quiet, outlying suburb. Its tires shrieked harshly against the asphalt as brakes were applied and it came to a stop down a side street lined with trees.

Three men emerged from the car. One, a detective inspector. He gazed with distaste at the brightly-lit windows, at which people stood, gazing out at the scene of horror with a kind of fascination.

The second man was the mayor of the town, John Asheforth. He turned to the third man, Doctor Simeon Kirby.

"Have a look," he said. "You saw the other three with their throats ripped out." He paused, shuddering. "So did I; but I can't look at another, not if I live to be a thousand years."

Simeon Kirby nodded. He stepped forward toward a knot of police who stood near the edge of an empty, scrub-filled lot between two distantly-placed houses. The knot opened at his approach. Already the police photographers had been busy at work. A floodlight stood to one side, illuminating a small patch of ground.

Kirby's eye caught the dark, sullen color of blood before he saw the body. Then his heart contracted in pity.

Another one. This time a girl. She couldn't have been more than six years old. Two of the others had been boys, the third a girl about the same age. All, with their throats ripped out.

He bent, amid silence, and did what he had to do.

It wasn't easy. The look of horror on the face of the small corpse was more than disconcerting. It was accusation. Somehow, the town had failed to provide protection to four of its children against one of the most fiendish monsters ever loosed upon society.

KIRBY stood up, shook his head. He wondered what the murderer looked like. With a gesture he indicated that the sheet was to be replaced over the body.

"You've identified her?" he asked a police sergeant.

The cop nodded.

"She lived down the block. The parents went to pieces, of course. Can't even afford to bury her. We'll take her to the morgue."

"What time did it happen?" Kirby said, looking at his watch.

"Near as we can find out, about eleven o'clock. It's midnight now."

Kirby walked up to John Asheforth.

"It's another eye, alright," he said.

The mayor didn't seem to be listening.

"It's inhuman," he muttered. "Utterly inhuman. What kind of man could . . ."

"Perhaps it was a woman," Kirby said sharply. "We don't know."

The mayor looked at him oddly.

"Sim," he said slowly. "Strictly speaking, I think nothing human had anything to do with these murders. They're too horrible. It just doesn't seem like the work of any ordinary Jack-the-Ripper. I tell you . . ."

"Get a grip on yourself, John," Simeon Kirby said severely. He put an arm out and grasped the mayor's wrist which trembled. "Stop talking nonsense. Only a bunch of old women would listen to talk like that. I'm a man of science. I can believe only in what is hard, what is real. Let's get going."

"Alright," Asheforth said. "As for a council meeting, I scheduled one for midnight, just as soon as I heard of the killing. My secretary's called up every one of the council."

They both got back in the car, leaving the detective inspector behind. Twenty minutes later they were stepping out on the curb before the town hall.

Inside the lights burned brightly. A line of parked cars down the block told Asheforth that the whole council, with the exception of he and the doctor were already present.

A policeman at the doors to the council chamber saluted.

"There—there's some trouble, inside, sir," he said to Asheforth. "An old woman came in, insisted on seeing you and the council. She insisted on her rights as a citizen."

The door swung in. From inside poured a babble of voices.

"What kind of nonsense is this . . ." Kirby began angrily. Then he stopped. "Good Lord, I know who she is," he continued. "An old harridan who lives in a broken-down old house a few blocks from mine. She was wealthy once—before her husband deserted her. The neighborhood children are afraid of her. Humph! I don't blame them!"

BEFORE the long council table, around which the members sat, the old woman stood. She was short, thin, dressed in the remains of once-beautiful finery. She looked like a figure of poverty from some comic opera.

Asheforth turned to the woman.

"Your name?"

"You can call me Mrs. Strander," she said in a high, cracked voice. Then she cackled with laughter. "Oh, I know how you think, you fine gentlemen who imagine you know it all." Again she cackled. "The children think I'm crazy—maybe I am. I also have a little knowledge. Oh, not your kind, not something I can prove by two and two." Her ancient eyes glittered. "I'm old—old. My husband dabbled in black arts—and so have I. Neither he nor I ever harmed anyone, but we knew things, gentlemen! We knew things; And I know something now!"

"What do you know?" Kirby asked sarcastically.

"That someone in this town is possessed by a devil!" Mrs. Strander whispered hoarsely. "I do not know who that person is—not yet, but my arts can detect the presence of devilry." She cocked her head to one side. "You will need me, my friends, to track down the person in whom the devil resides and exorcize and destroy it. For it is not the person itself that does these terrible killings. It is the demon within, who uses a human body as a hiding place and emerges to wreak its awful vengeance!"

A burst of laughter followed her words. Only Asheforth stared at the woman in pity.

"Perhaps—perhaps," he began. "We should listen to her, Kirby."

The doctor looked narrowly at Asheforth.

"I think, gentlemen, that our mayor is as crazy as this woman must be. Gresson!" The chief of police rose. "I'll take the responsibility here and commit this woman immediately. She's insane!" He paused, glancing at her. "In fact, I suggest we hold her until morning. Crazy or not, she seems to know something about the murders. Perhaps, by then, she may talk!"

Sobbing, screaming curses, Mrs. Strander was led away by Gresson.

"Gentlemen, this is the first lead we've had," Kirby said. He put on his hat. "I suggest we all think it over. Gresson is doing his best." He looked at Asheforth. "However, if this proves to be a blind alley, I suggest that the mayor resign and that the new mayor appoint a new chief of police—one who can handle the case instead of fumbling it. Good night, gentlemen!" He ignored Asheforth, walked through the door and outside.

THE CLOCK in the court-house tower was striking one. The air had freshened. Kirby, yawning, decided to walk home. He put the whole matter out of his mind until the morning. Anticipating being welcomed by Erna, his wife, with a hot cup of coffee, he strode along, deeper and deeper into the suburbs, toward his house. Slowly, the lights thinned out, the trees and shrubbery

thickened. A fine night, he thought, for all the horror. Thank God his own children were in bed, both Jane and Margaret, his eldest, though Marge had been getting uppity of late, insisting on staying out to all hours. Disgraceful, he thought! He'd put a stop to it in the morning. In the meantime, he was grateful that Jane and Margaret were safe in their beds, with a raving murderer roaming the streets. Suddenly he stopped, shaken by the thought. Jane, surely, was in bed. She was a quiet child, had never given any trouble. But Margaret . . . it would be just his kind of luck if Marge chose a night like this to stay out in the dark with some sappy boy, let him walk her home past midnight—perhaps meet the murderer . . .

Abruptly, his blood froze. Ahead of him, seen dimly through the long row of trees, a black shadow fell across his path, then another. He quickened his pace as he heard a low, choked cry. Was it a child's? Then, with blind force, something blundered into him just as he reached a dark, small mass that had fallen across the sidewalk.

"Margaret—oh, God!" he breathed. It was his daughter who had run into him in the dark.

"D - D - Daddy? What . . . what . . . ?" Fourteen-year-old Margaret seemed to be awakening from a kind of trance. "Where am I?" she gasped. "I didn't know . . ." Then her eyes widened as she saw what lay at her feet—the body of a small child, its throat torn out.

"You did it—all these horrors!" Her father said, hoarsely.

"No—not I—didn't!" she screamed. "I don't remember!"

The smash of his hand across her face sent the girl flying backward, whimpering. He followed, mad with rage, filled with a sense of loss, disgrace, infinite horror. His hands reached for her—drew back suddenly. Margaret was standing immobile before him. Now, her eyes burned with a terrible, red glow; she stared as if in a trance, not seeing him. And from behind her, flowing upward from her body, a black shape of evil rose, gibbering, mewling.

It was true, Kirby thought to himself as he stood there paralyzed. The old woman had been right. A blood-drinking demon did possess someone in the town—forcing her to carry it from place to place, late at night to seek its victims—his own daughter! Around him, the black mass coalesced, tightening on his throat, ripping, tearing.

"M-M-Mrs. Strander . . ." he whispered weakly as he slipped into a pool of his own blood. But the hope was gone. His eyes glazed in death, his last consciousness realizing that now the demon would rage unchecked, from body to body— for he himself had committed Mrs. Strander as insane!

THEY WERE BROTHERS IN BLOOD, THESE TWO AND A PAIR OF THE SCURVIEST ROGUES EVER TO CUT A THROAT! THEY RANGED THE WORLD, LOOKING FOR LUST AND LOOT, AND THE GOLD POURED THROUGH THEIR FINGERS LIKE WATER! IN EVERY PORT OF THE SEVEN SEAS THE POLICE WERE LOOKING FOR THEM, BUT THIS UNHOLY ALLIANCE ALWAYS MANAGED TO ESCAPE! THEN ONE DAY THEY REACHED A TROPICAL PORT WHERE A GREAT AND FAMOUS JEWEL HUNG LIKE A RIPE FRUIT BEFORE THEIR GREEDY EYES, TEMPTING THEM BEYOND REASON! THE STONE WAS TABOO AND A CRUEL AND HORRIBLE DEATH AWAITED ANYONE WHO DARED TO PROFANE IT! BUT THEY DARED—AND PAID THE PENALTY IN FULL BENEATH THE GRINDING, FLASHING WHEELS OF THE JUGGERNAUT OF JEHO!

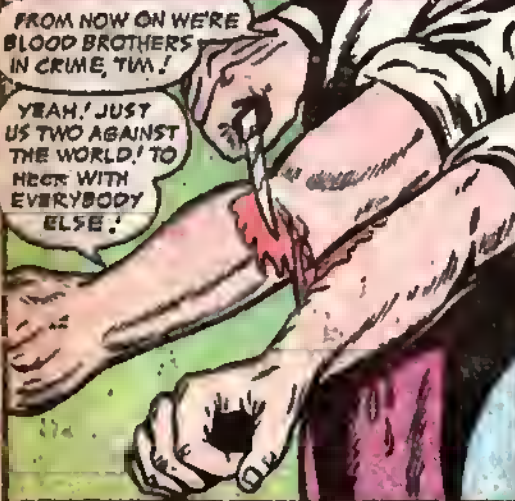
BLOOD OATH



IT FIRST BEGAN WHEN TIM MASTER AND FERGUSON TOOK A SINISTER BLOOD OATH...

FROM NOW ON WE'RE BLOOD BROTHERS IN CRIME, TIM!

YEAH! JUST US TWO AGAINST THE WORLD! TO HECK WITH EVERYBODY ELSE!



SOME YEARS LATER, IN THE SMALL TROPIC PORT OF JEHO!

I TELL YOU, TIM, WE GOT TO RAISE SOME SCRATCH AND GET OUT OF THIS MANGY HOLE! I'M GOING NUTS SCRATCHING FLEAS! NOW THIS IDOL IN THE TEMPLE OUTSIDE OF TOWN—

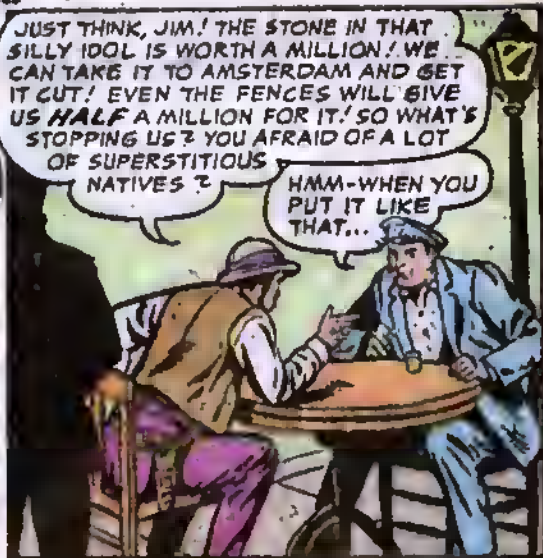
YOU'RE CRAZY, FERG! YOU KNOW WHAT THE NATIVES WOULD DO TO US? SKIN US ALIVE AND PACK US IN SALT!





NOPE, I'M AFRAID OF IT! WE'VE PULLED A LOT OF JOBS TOGETHER, AND WE'VE DONE, OKAY, BUT THIS ONE IS THE SAME AS COMMITTING SUICIDE! I LIKE LIVING!

COME ON, JIM! YOU'RE TALKING LIKE AN OLD WOMAN! REMEMBER OUR **BLOOD OATH!** WE SWORE TO SHARE **EVERYTHING!**



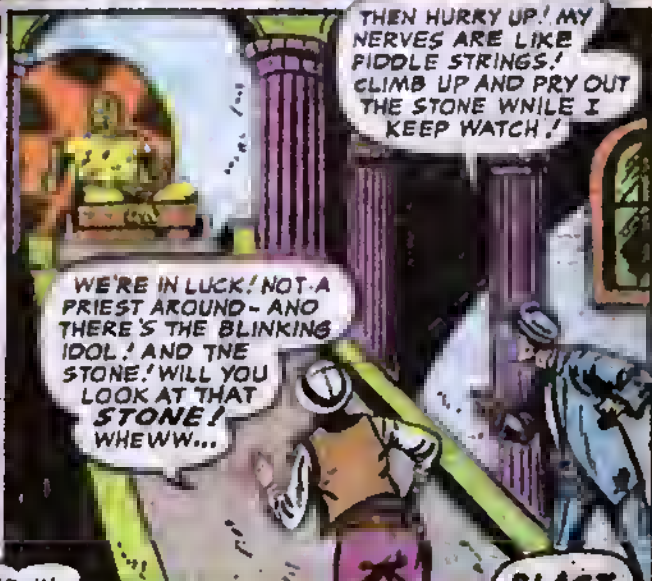
JUST THINK, JIM! THE STONE IN THAT SILLY IDOL IS WORTH A MILLION! WE CAN TAKE IT TO AMSTERDAM AND GET IT CUT! EVEN THE FENCES WILL GIVE US **HALF** A MILLION FOR IT! SO WHAT'S STOPPING US? YOU AFRAID OF A LOT OF SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES?

HMM-WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT...

SO THAT NIGHT THE TWO GREEDY ADVENTURERS CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF JEHOI, LOOKING IN THE JUNGLE NEAR THE TOWN...

EASY DOES IT, NOW! UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE SKINNED AND SALTED LIKE A HERRING! UGH-GIVES ME THE CREEPS TO THINK ABOUT IT!

THEN SHUT YOUR MOUTH! THESE PRIESTS HAVE EARS LIKE CATS!



THEN HURRY UP! MY NERVES ARE LIKE PIDDLE STRINGS! CLIMB UP AND PRY OUT THE STONE WHILE I KEEP WATCH!

WE'RE IN LUCK! NOT A PRIEST AROUND- AND THERE'S THE BLINKING IDOL! AND THE STONE! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT **STONE!** WHEWW...

BLAST IT! THEY'VE GOT IT CEMENTED IN THERE! CAN'T GET THE BLADE IN TO PRY-AH, NOW IT'S STARTING TO COME! THERE NOW-COME ON, MY BEAUTY! I'VE GOT PLANS FOR YOU!

COME ON, COME ON! I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING! WHAT YOU WAITING FOR?

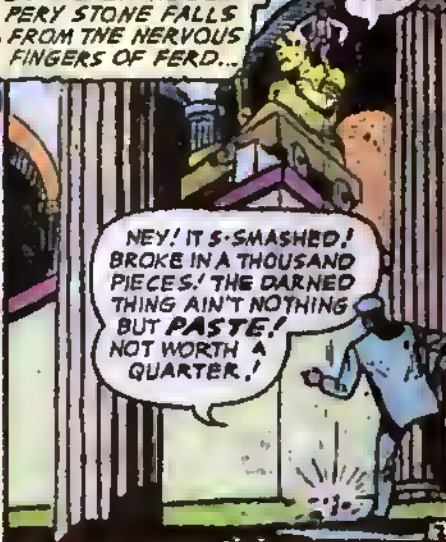
I WAS A FOOL TO LET FERD TALK ME INTO THIS! THE SKIN IS CRAWLING ON MY BACK!



SUDDENLY THE SLIPPERY STONE FALLS FROM THE NERVOUS FINGERS OF FERD...

BLAST IT!

NEY! IT'S SMASHED! BROKE IN A THOUSAND PIECES! THE DARNED THING AIN'T NOTHING BUT **PASTE!** NOT WORTH A QUARTER!



ALARMED BY THE NOISE, THE TWO CROOKS FLEE THE TEMPLE IN A FRENZY OF TERROR...

COME ON, WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL HAVE THE PRIESTS DOWN ON OUR NECK FOR SURE!

YOU AND YOUR IDEAS ABOUT MAKING A FORTUNE!



I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THIS WHOLE DEAL! MAYBE WE BETTER GO BACK AND SEE! WHY WOULD THEY HAVE A FAKE STONE IN THAT IDOL?

SHHH-I THINK I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING! DOWN THE PATH THERE!



YEAH-- ONE OF THE PRIESTS FROM THE TEMPLE! WE'LL NAB HIM AND MAKE HIM TALK! I'M STILL CURIOUS ABOUT THAT "FAKE DIAMOND!"

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO GET US INTO MORE TROUBLE!



OKAY, I GOT HIM SO HE CAN'T MAKE ANY NOISE! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU CAN GET OUT OF HIM!

JUST HOLD HIM AND KEEP QUIET! MAKE HIM STOP SQUIRMING! I'LL GET THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT STONE, THAT'S WHAT!



BUT THE MAN BREAKS FREE AND, SEIZING A KNIFE, PLUNGES IT DEEP INTO HIS OWN CHEST RATHER THAN TALK...

H-HUH! HE'LL NEVER TALK NOW! I TELL YOU THOSE PRIESTS ARE FANATICS-- CRAZY!

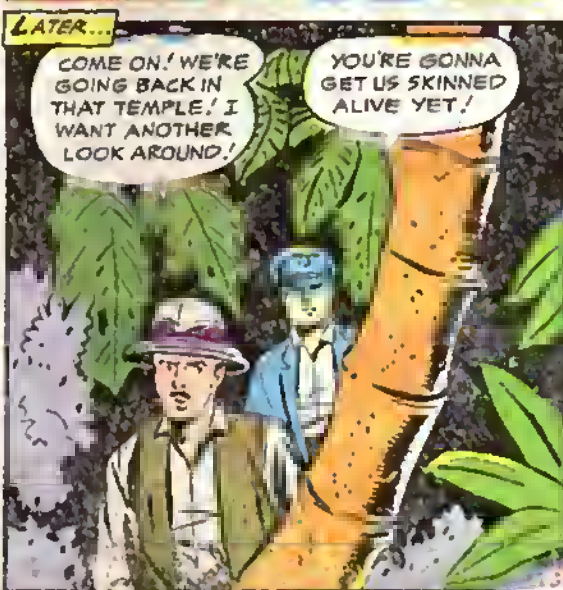
GUUUUUU!



LATER...

COME ON! WE'RE GOING BACK IN THAT TEMPLE! I WANT ANOTHER LOOK AROUND!

YOU'RE GONNA GET US SKINNED ALIVE YET!



SOMETHING AROUSES THE TEMPLE PRIESTS AND THE PAIR BARELY HAVE TIME TO CONCEAL THEMSELVES...

STEADY, TIM!
DON'T MAKE A
SOUND OR WE'RE
DEAD!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT
ME!

EYIEEE-
THE JEWEL
OF JEHOI
GOD IS
SMASHED!

BAQ! WE
CALL HIGH
PRIEST!

THEN THE LISTENING MEN GET A SURPRISE, AND REALIZE HOW THEY HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THE NATIVES...

GO AT ONCE AND
BRING THE TRUE JEWEL
OF JEHOI, HE MUST NEVER
BE WITHOUT IT, AS IS WRITTEN,
AND SINCE THIS FAKE ONE IS
NOW USELESS WE MUST USE
THE REAL ONE!

I OBEY YOU,
VENER-
ABLE ONE!

THE TRUE JEWEL OF JEHOI IS BROUGHT AND CEMENTED INTO THE VACANT SOCKET...

THERE, OLO
ONE, IT IS
DONE!

SMART OLD
BEGGAR, AINT
FAKE
STONE!

GOOD! NOW
WE MUST
MAKE SURE
THIS DOES
NOT HAP-
PEN
AGAIN!

PERHAPS THE STONE WAS LOOSE AND FELL OF ITS OWN WEIGHT, PERHAPS NOT, AND IF THERE WERE THIEVES ABOUT THEY HAVE SURELY FLEO-BUT TO MAKE CERTAIN YOU WILL REMAIN ON GUARD, AND SLAY ANY WHO DARES ENTER!

AEEEE-
THAT WE
WILL DO!

LOOKS
LIKE WE
GO TO WORK,
TIM! RIGHT
NOW!

LET GO OF ME! THIS IS OUR CHANCE! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN DO IT NOW! YOU GET THE STONE WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS!

NO, FERD! I
D-DON'T WANT
MURDER ON MY
CONSCIENCE!

NO, YOU
FOOL!

BUT FERD IS DETERMINED! THE REVOLVER LEAPS AND ROARS IN HIS HAND AS HE MURDERS THE SURPRISED GUARDS...

INFIDELS! YOU
DARE PROFANE
OUR TEMPLE--
ANHHHHH!

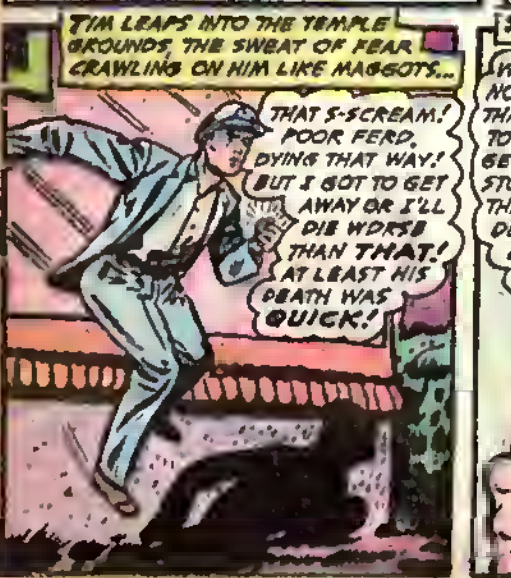
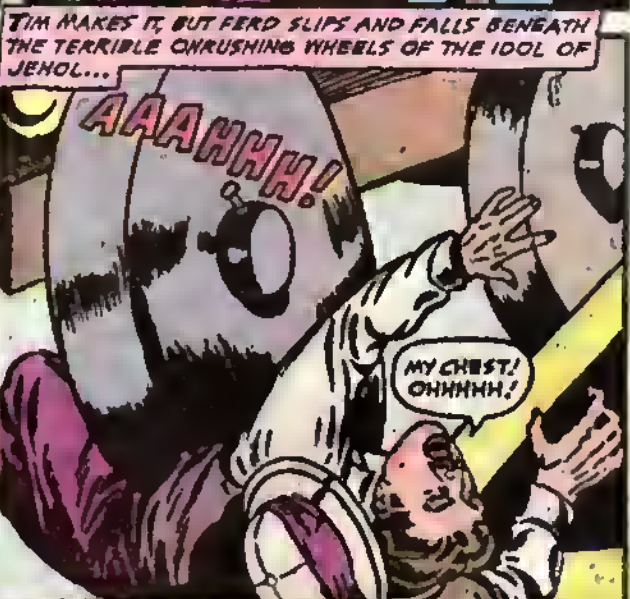
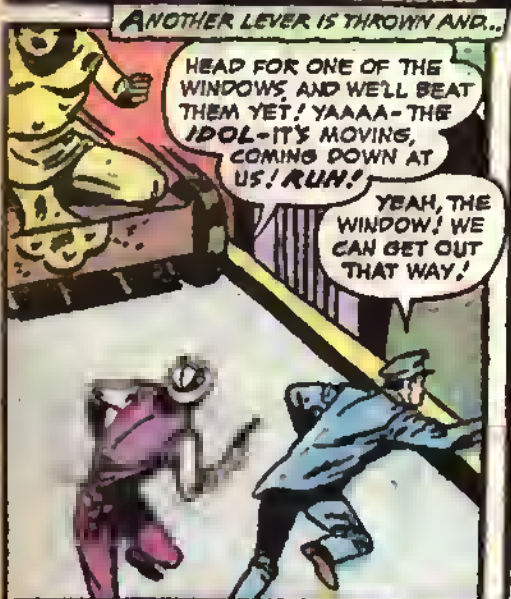
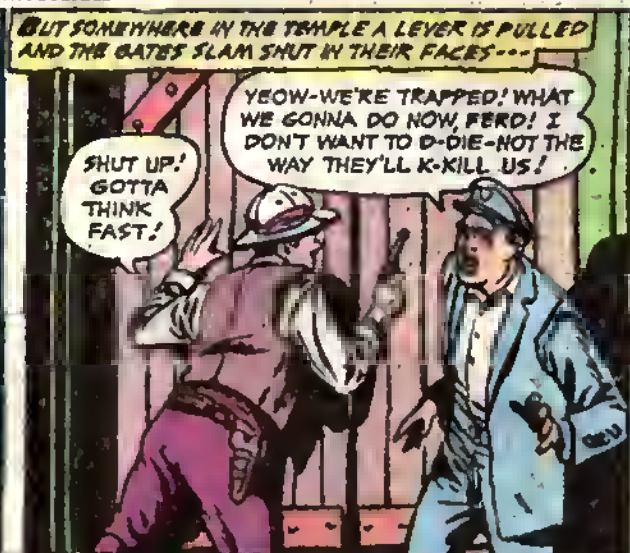
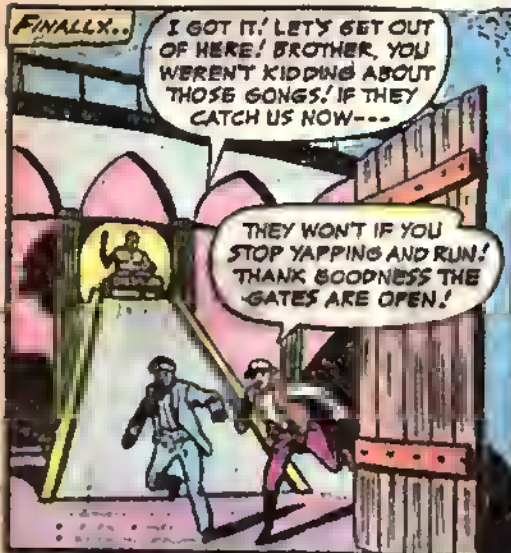
I WILL
CUT YOU
IN HALF!
I WILL--
UHHHHH--
I DIE!

GET THE STONE, TIM!
HURRY, BEFORE THE
OTHERS SHOW UP!

OKAY!

I WAS A DOUBLE BLASTED FOOL TO GET INTO THIS! WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE TOWN ON OUR HEADS! BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW--AND IF WE'RE GONNA HAVE THE TROUBLE WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE STONE!

WILL YOU
HURRY, YOU
IDIOT! HEAR
THOSE SONGS!
COME ON!



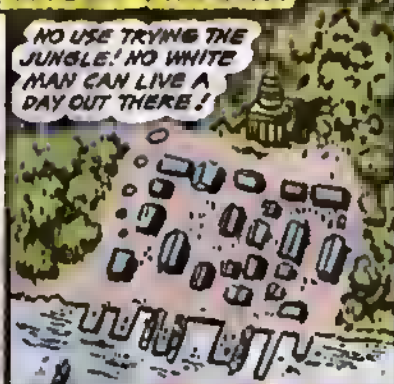
BUT TIM SOON FINDS THAT THE PROFITS ARE NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO GET...

HMM-NO USE TRYING TO GET OUT OF HERE BY BOAT! THEY'RE STOPPING AND SEARCHING EVERYONE! GOT TO THINK OF ANOTHER WAY!



SO TIM FINDS THAT HE IS SECURELY CAUGHT! ESCAPE BY SEA OR AIR IS IMPOSSIBLE, AND ON THREE SIDES THE TOWN IS GUARDED BY HUNDREDS OF MILES OF JUNGLE WHERE ONLY BEASTS AND SNAKES CAN SURVIVE! HIS FLIGHT IS HOPELESS!

NO USE TRYING THE JUNGLE! NO WHITE MAN CAN LIVE A DAY OUT THERE!



IN DESPERATION HE VISITS A DEALER IN STOLEN GOODS.

BUT LISTEN, NO! I WILL CHOLLA, I... NOT LISTEN! OUT! I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU, OR THIS STONE! I WISH TO LIVE! OUT! NOW, AT ONCE!



LATE THAT NIGHT TIM HAS AN INSPIRATION...

IT'S CRAZY, BUT IT'S ALL I CAN DO! MY ONLY CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS ALIVE! I'LL TAKE THE STONE BACK AND TELL THEM I FOUND IT! MAYBE THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT AT LEAST IT'S A CHANCE! AND THEY ARE GETTING THE STONE BACK!

I COULD BLAME IT ALL ON FERD, ONLY THEY GOT HIS BODY AND THE STONE WASN'T ON IT!



SO HE TAKES THE GAMBLE...

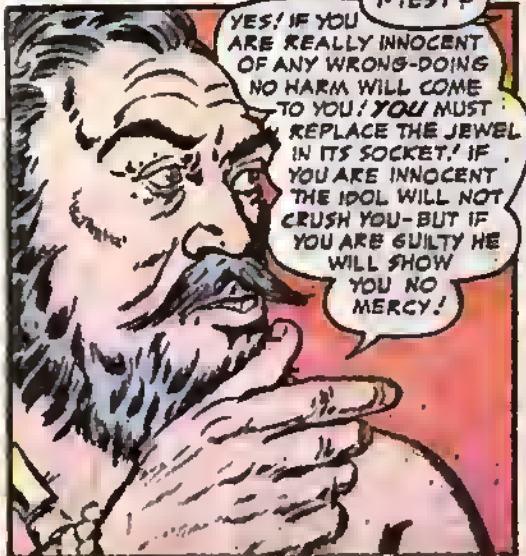
I-I'M SORRY THAT THIS HAPPENED! I CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN HOW THE STONE CAME TO BE IN THE ALLEY BACK OF MY BOARDING HOUSE! BUT THERE IT WAS, WRAPPED IN A BLUE CLOTH! I GUESS THE CROOK DROPPED IT OR SOME-THING!

I SEE, MY SON! THEN YOU WON'T MIND BEING PUT TO THE TEST!



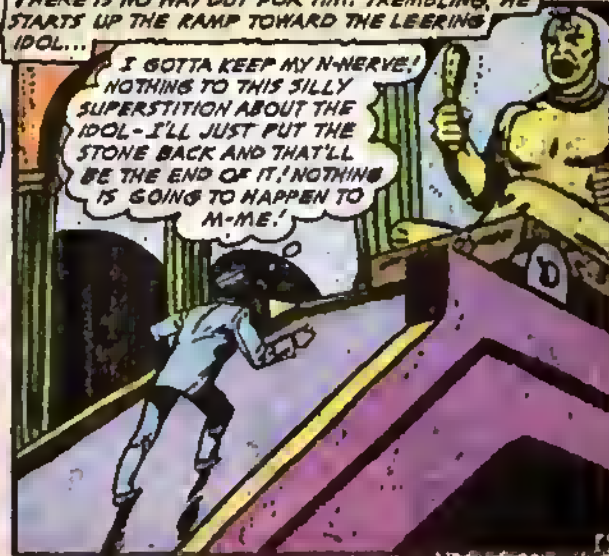
T-TEST?

YES! IF YOU ARE REALLY INNOCENT OF ANY WRONG-DOING NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU! YOU MUST REPLACE THE JEWEL IN ITS SOCKET! IF YOU ARE INNOCENT THE IDOL WILL NOT CRUSH YOU-BUT IF YOU ARE GUILTY HE WILL SHOW YOU NO MERCY!



THERE IS NO WAY OUT FOR TIM! TREMBLING, HE STARTS UP THE RAMP TOWARD THE LEERING IDOL...

I GOTTA KEEP MY N-NERVE! NOTHING TO THIS SILLY SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE IDOL-I'LL JUST PUT THE STONE BACK AND THAT'LL BE THE END OF IT! NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO M-ME!



The Sea Goblins

FROM THE ICY DEEP THEY CAME, CRAWLING IN THEIR OWN SLIME, BRINGING DEATH AND TERROR TO THE INHABITANTS OF A LONELY COAST! BUT THERE WAS ONE AMONG THEM WHO WAS DIFFERENT, WHO WANTED TO BE HUMAN! HE WAS A GROTESQUE BEING, A MONSTER, A HOWL MONSTER! AND WHEN HE MET THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS IT WAS FEAR AT FIRST SIGHT...



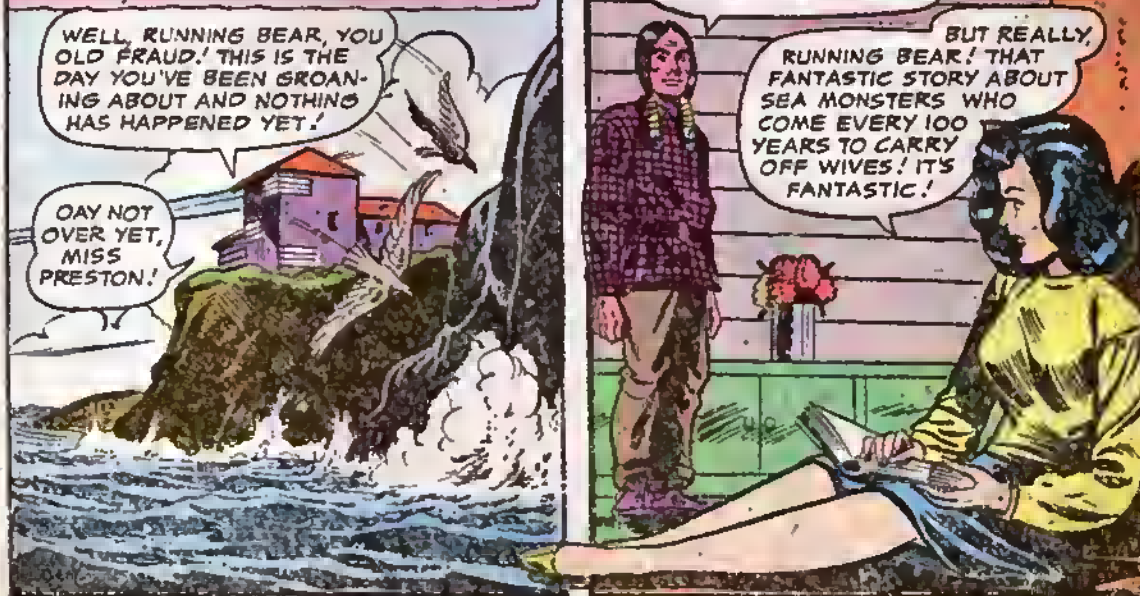
ON THE LONELY COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA STANDS A TOWERING, ROCK BOUND OLD HOUSE! THE HOME OF DOCTOR PAMELA PRESTON, A FAMOUS ANTHROPOLOGIST...

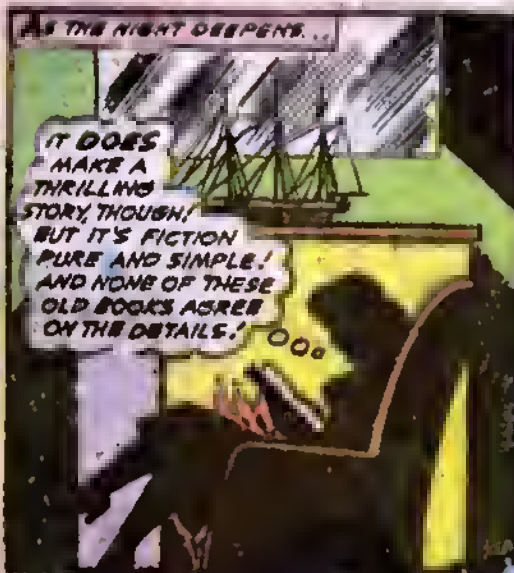
WELL, RUNNING BEAR, YOU OLD FRAUD! THIS IS THE DAY YOU'VE BEEN GROANING ABOUT AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED YET!

OAY NOT OVER YET, MISS PRESTON!

YOU MAKE FOOL OF OLD INDIAN! NOT BELIEVE LEGEND OF SEA GOBLINS! BUT MAYBE ALL SAME- THEY COME!

BUT REALLY, RUNNING BEAR! THAT FANTASTIC STORY ABOUT SEA MONSTERS WHO COME EVERY 100 YEARS TO CARRY OFF WIVES! IT'S FANTASTIC!



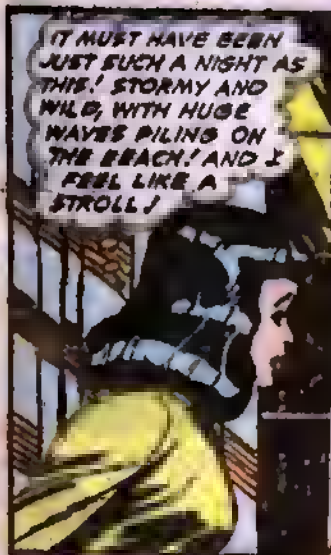


AS THE NIGHT DEEPENS...

IT DOES MAKE A THRILLING STORY, THOUGH! BUT IT'S FICTION PURE AND SIMPLE! AND NONE OF THESE OLD BOOKS AGREE ON THE DETAILS!



IF RUNNING BEAR'S DATES ARE RIGHT IT WAS JUST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TODAY THAT THE SEA GOBLINS LAST CAME TO THE COAST! ON A STORMY NIGHT!

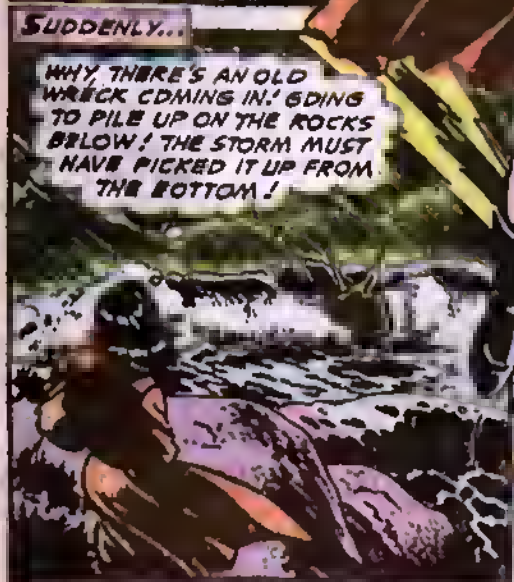


IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS! STORMY AND WILD, WITH HUGE WAVES PILING ON THE BEACH! AND I FEEL LIKE A STROLL!



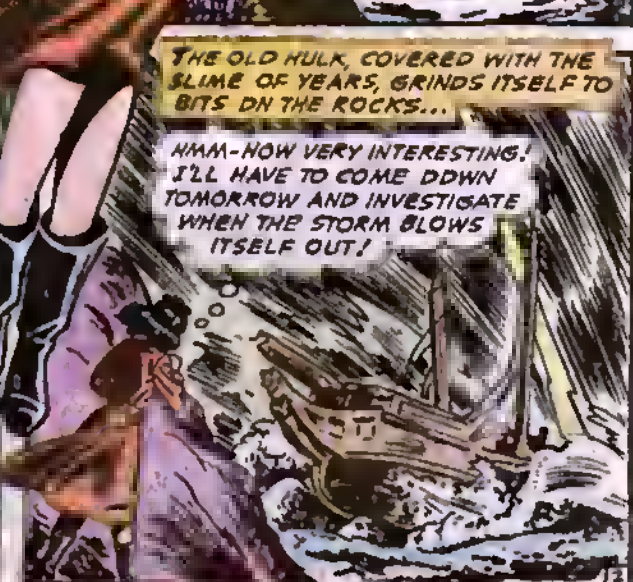
SO LATER...

FUNNY THAT I CAME HERE TO THE CLIFFS TONIGHT! BUT I FELT AN ODD COMPULSION, AS IF SOMEONE WERE DRAGGING ME ALMOST!



SUDDENLY...

WHY, THERE'S AN OLD WRECK COMING IN! GOING TO PILE UP ON THE ROCKS BELOW! THE STORM MUST HAVE PICKED IT UP FROM THE BOTTOM!



THE OLD HULK, COVERED WITH THE SLIME OF YEARS, GRINDS ITSELF TO BITS ON THE ROCKS...

HMM-HOW VERY INTERESTING! I'LL HAVE TO COME DDWN TOMORROW AND INVESTIGATE WHEN THE STORM BLOWS ITSELF OUT!

AS PAMELA GOES BACK TO THE HOUSE...

RUNNING BEAR!
WHAT ON
EARTH...

I WORRY, MISS PRESTON!
NOT GOOD FOR YOU TO
COME OUT ALONE ON
THIS NIGHT!



LATER...

YOU'RE ONLY A
SUPERSTITIOUS
OLD FOOL, RUNNING
BEAR, AND I'M TIRED
OF YOUR WHINING!
TOMORROW I'M
GOING TO EXPLORE
THAT WRECK!

YOU ARE
FOOL! IT
WAS IN SUCH
OLD SHIP
THAT THE SEA
GOBLINS CAME!



AFTER MORE ARGUMENT...

SO YOU WON'T GO
WITH ME? VERY
WELL, I'LL GO
ALONE!

YOU BE
SORRY!
RUNNING BEAR
WARN YOU FOR
LAST TIME!
OLD LEGEND
IS TRUE!



WHILE ON THE
BEACH BELOW
THE CLIFFS...

HIEEE, MY BROTHERS!
SOON IT WILL BE TIME
FOR US TO GO
ASHORE!

WE MUST
FIND
WIVES!



YES, IT IS AGAIN TIME
FOR THE WIFE HUNT!
WHEN THE TIME OF
DAWN COMES WE WILL
RAID THE COUNTRYSIDE
AS WE DID LONG AGO!



AND WITH THE DAWN...

BUT OUR
WIVES!

I GO TO EXPLORE
THE BEACH! YOU
WILL WAIT IN THE
SHIP FOR ME!

WE ARE
IMPATIENT!



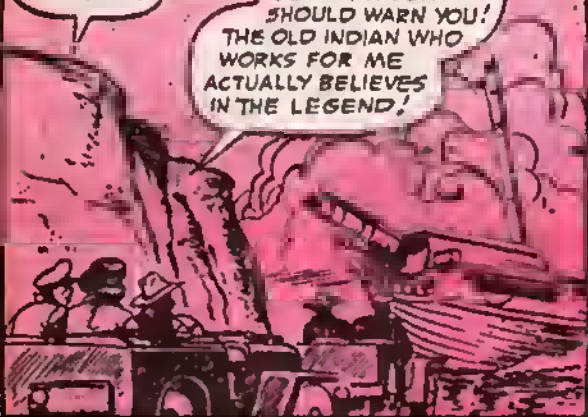
FOOLS! DO YOU
THINK THESE HUMANS
HAVE FORGOTTEN OUR
LAST COMING? THEY
WILL COME TO
INVESTIGATE-THEN
WE WILL TRAP AND
SLAY THEM!



THE LEADER OF THE GOBLINS IS RIGHT, FOR SOON...

SO THIS IS THE OLD HULK, MISS PRESTON! LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH!

I SUPPOSE SO! BUT I THOUGHT I SHOULD WARN YOU! THE OLD INDIAN WHO WORKS FOR ME ACTUALLY BELIEVES IN THE LEGEND!



I KNOW IT'S SILLY, BUT THE FACT IS THAT I FEEL A LITTLE UNEASY MYSELF!

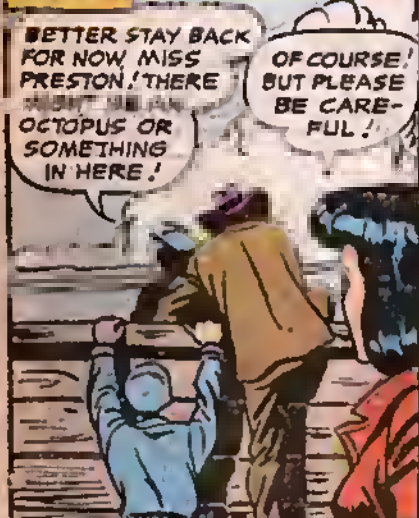
HA-HA! SO HE'S GOT YOU CONVINCED! WELL, WE'LL SOON CLEAR UP THAT NONSENSE!



AS THEY CLIMB ABOARD THE WRECK...

BETTER STAY BACK FOR NOW, MISS PRESTON! THERE MIGHT BE AN OCTOPUS OR SOMETHING IN HERE!

OF COURSE! BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL!



THE MEN WALK INTO A DEATH TRAP...

YAAAAAAA!

NONE MUST ESCAPE!

SLAY THEM!

IEEEEEEEEE!



PAMELA, HEARING THE HORRIBLE DEATH SCREAMS, KEEPS HER HEAD...

OH, THERE WAS SOMETHING WAITING THERE! I-I-I'VE GOT TO GO FOR HELP! THOSE H-HORRIBLE SCREAMS!



BUT THE CUNNING RED EYES OF THE CHIEF GOBLIN FOLLOW THE GIRL...

WHAT IS IT? YOU STARE SO!

WELL I MAY! THAT IS THE WOMAN I MUST HAVE FOR MY OWN!



NOW THE SEA GOBLINS SWARM ASHORE AND SEARCH THE COUNTRYSIDE! THE PURPOSE - TO STEAL WIVES...

GO ALL OF YOU! WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR WIFE RETURN TO THE BEACH! MAKE HASTE!

IT IS GOOD!

HAN! AT LAST!

IT BEGINS...

HOEE- HERE IS A PRETTY ONE! THIS WILL BE EASY- SHE SUSPECTS NOTHING!

HO-HO HO! EEEEEEE!

NEARBY THE SAME GRIM STORY IS REPEATED...

YOU COME WITH ME! MY BROTHER GOBLINS WILL BE JEALOUS OF ME!

OH, NO! AAAHHH! EEEEE!

MEANTIME, THE LEADER OF THE GOBLINS SEEKS OUT THE HOUSE OF PAMELA PRESTON...

AH! SHE IS SO LOVELY! AND EVEN NOW SHE STUDIES MY PEOPLE! PERHAPS I CAN MAKE HER UNDERSTAND THAT I AM DIFFERENT- THAT I MEAN HER NO HARM!

FUNNY! I SEEM TO FEEL A DRAFT!

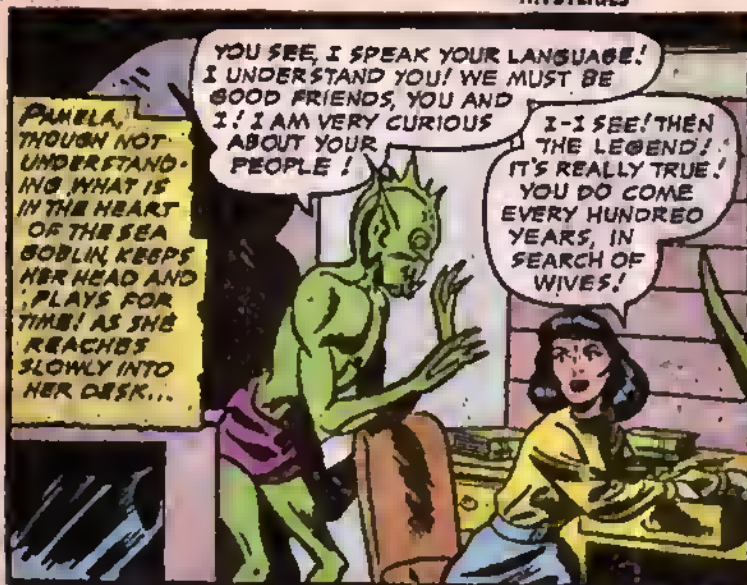
IT IS FORTUNATE THAT I SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THESE MORTALS! I MUST MAKE HER UNDERSTAND THAT I AM INTERESTED IN WHAT SHE CALLS LOVE!

HOW WILL I LOOK TO HER? WILL I FRIGHTEN HER! AFTER ALL, OUR BODIES ARE DIFFERENT!

SO, HIS HEART BURSTING WITH LOVE, THE SEA GOBLIN TOUCHES HER LIGHTLY ON THE SHOULDER.

WHH- OHHHH! EEEEEEE!

PLEASE! NO! DO NOT BE AFRAID! I MEAN YOU NO HARM!



PAMELA, THOUGH NOT UNDERSTANDING WHAT IS IN THE HEART OF THE SEA GOBLIN, KEEPS HER HEAD AND PLAYS FOR TIME! AS SHE REACHES SLOWLY INTO HER DESK...

YOU SEE, I SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE! I UNDERSTAND YOU! WE MUST BE GOOD FRIENDS, YOU AND I! I AM VERY CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR PEOPLE!

I-I SEE! THEN THE LEGEND! IT'S REALLY TRUE! YOU DO COME EVERY HUNDRED YEARS, IN SEARCH OF WIVES!

YES! IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SO! MY FATHER LEO THE LAST RAI0! BUT I AM DIFFERENT SOMEHOW- I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME HOW TO BE A HUMAN!



TEACH YOU TO BE A HUMAN! YOU UNSPEAKABLE FIEND! I'LL HELP YOU- TO DIE!

BUT YOU DO NOT-- AHHHHH!



YOU HURT ME! AND I WAS TRYING TO BE KIND!

WHAT! I M-MISSED! ONLY WOUNDED HIM! BUT I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM!



AARRRR! YOUR TOY CANNOT KILL ME, FOOL!

I AM NOT MADE LIKE YOU HUMANS! YOUR SILLY BULLETS MEAN NOTHING!

OHH!



AS HE ENFOLDS HER IN HIS SCALY ARMS PAMELA FAINTS...

OHHHHH!

I TRIED KINDNESS! NOW I WILL BE CRUEL!

MEANTIME AN ALARM HAS BEEN SPREAD AND THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED GO INTO ACTION...

WHAT IS IT, MAN! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!

N-NO, SIR! BUT SOMEONE HAS BEEN SEEING GOBLINS! JUST READ THIS!

GOBLINS? HAVE YOU BLOWN YOUR TOP?



A POLICE BOAT SPEEDS TO THE SPOT...

YOU MAKE ANY SENSE OUT OF THAT MESSAGE WE RECEIVED, MISTER?

NO, SIR! BUT PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS SEEING SOME KIND OF MONSTERS!



BUT IN THE GOBLIN A NEW TENDERNESS WELLS...

I AM SORRY, MY BELOVED! I LOST MY TEMPER! I DID NOT INTEND TO FRIGHTEN YOU!



THEN A WARNING...

HURRY, MY LEADER! WE WAIT FOR YOU! THE COUNTRY IS AROUSED AGAINST US!

GO! I FOLLOW AT ONCE!



FEAR NOTHING! I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE DEEP GREEN CAVERNS FAR BELOW THE SEA! MY HOME! AND YOU WILL COME TO LOVE ME!



AS THE GOBLINS REACH THE BEACH THE POLICE CLOSE IN...

BROTHER! I BELIEVE IT NOW! I SEE IT!

OPEN FIRE! BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE DON'T HIT THE WOMAN!

NO-THEY CANNOT HARM US!

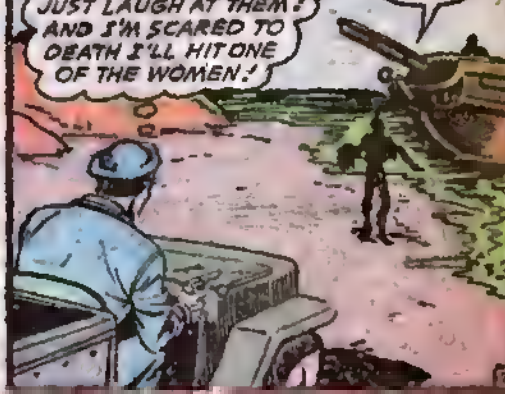
HURRY! TO THE SHIP!



BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT, AND THERE ARE THE WOMEN...

I CAN'T DO ANY GOOD WITH THESE SLUGS! THEY JUST LAUGH AT THEM! AND I'M SCARED TO DEATH I'LL HIT ONE OF THE WOMEN!

HO-HO-HO!



AS THE POLICE WATCH, HELPLESS, THEY SEE A STRANGE THING HAPPEN! THE CHIEF GOBLIN ARRIVES, AND THE OTHERS GESTURE TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE THE WOMEN LIE UNCONSCIOUS...

I DON'T GET THIS! FIRST THEY ABDUCT THE WOMEN, THEN THEY LEAVE THEM ON THE BEACH!

YES, I KNOW! BUT I HATE TO PART FROM HER!

THERE, MY LEADER, WITH THE OTHERS!

FAREWELL, MY LOVED ONE! I DID NOT WANT IT THIS WAY— BUT I CANNOT BE A HUMAN!

ONE COLD KISS ON THE LIPS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL...

GOODBYE! TO THIS FAIR FACE! WE WILL MEET AGAIN, SOON, BUT NOT IN THIS MANNER!

ALMOST REVERENTLY HE PLACES THE GIRL ON THE BEACH WITH THE OTHER WOMEN...

YES, I KNOW! ONE MORE LOOK AT HER! GOOD-BYE-GOODBYE!

HURRY-HURRY! YOU KNOW OUR TIME IS ALMOST UP!

THEN, UNDER SOME STRANGE POWER, THE OLD HULK SLIDES BACK OUT TO SEA AND VANISHES...

GONE! B-BUT WHAT WERE THEY?

WHO KNOWS! IT'S A FUNNY LIFE!

HEY, THESE WOMEN ARE ALIVE!

NOTHING WRONG WITH THE WOMEN—NOT PHYSICALLY! BUT LOOK AT THE EYES! THOSE FIENDS LEFT THE BODIES—BUT STOLE THE SOULS! THESE WOMEN ARE EMPTY—MAD!



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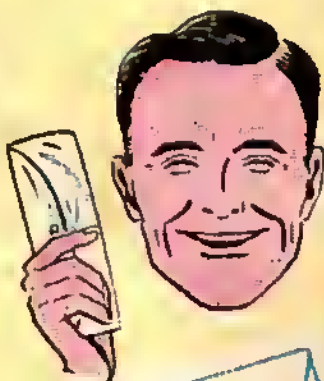
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